THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 14, 1800.

Thoughts on Ornamenting Graves with Flowers.

" Unfeeling wit may ſcorn, and pride may frown,
" Yet fancy, empreſs of the realms of ſong,
" Shall bleſs the decent mode, and reaſon own
" It may be right——for who can prove it wrong?"
MASON.

SEVERAL travellers, who have viſited the romantic regions of Cambria, have noticed a cuſtom that prevails amongſt the inhabitants of that country, of planting and ſtrewing evergreens and flowers on the graves of their deceaſed relatives. But no one has written more pleaſingly on this ſubject, than the Rev. Mr. Warner, of Bath, who to elegance of diction and claſſic erudition, has added a tenderneſs of ſentiment that cannot fail to intereſt the reader. This gentleman is of opinion, that the cuſtom alluded to is of very remote origin, Nor would it be difficut to trace from heathen writers, in what great veneration this duty was held, and with what rigid punctuality it was obſerved by the ancient Greeks and Romans. It has, indeed, afforded a fund of beautiful imagery to the poets of almoſt every age. But, waving all reſearches into hiſtoric records, to prove the antiquity of this mournful right, let us awhile conſider it in another point of view.

Though the ruſtic, whoſe little flock of goats climb the rugged heights of Plinlimmon, feels not his ſenſes vibrate with the ſuperſtition of older times, though the myſterious ſtrains of Druids no longer rouſe the torpid faculties to en-

thuſiaſm; yet the inborn inſtinct of the Cambrian's ſoul, in a meaſure, ſtill remains: That fervour of imagination which taught the aborigines of Wales to revere the hallowed charms of the miſletoe, even to the preſent day (though its effects may not be ſo powerful as formerly) inſpires their deſcendants. The flames of fanaticiſm, which it hath been the toil of ages to enkindle, will not immediately ſubſide. To this caſt of ſuperſtition may be attributed their credulous belief in magic ſpells. This it is, which prompts them to adorn with flowers, at certain ſeaſons of the year, the graves of their departed kindred. But here their ſuperſtition ſhines in her faireſt light; this is her nobleſt work—a work, which it would be well, if he, on whom the beams of revelation ſhine, deigned but to imitate!

Whilſt paying this laſt ſad tribute to the manes of the dead, awed by the ſolemnity the ſhrines of mortality ſpread around inſpire, the ideas muſt neceſſarily concentrate; fancy wings her flight to Heaven—perhaps memory will then recal the viſions of departed days; the wretched mourner reflects how ſhort a period has elapſed, ſince he, on whoſe inanimate relics his tears are falling, haſtened to the ſelf ſame ſpot, to perform the ſame funeral office he now himſelf requires!

" The hand that lifts the dibble, ſhakes with fear,
" Leſt haply it diſturb the friend below."

If, at this awful juncture, his mind ſuggeſts a recollection, that the diſembodied ſpirit of the deceaſed hovers inviſibly around the ſpot that incloſes his mortal aſhes, and beholds with pleaſure this teſt of his ſurvivors' love;—how is the weeping ſufferer agitated!—the fine-ſtrung chords of ſenſibility are wound to their higheſt pitch!—Start not, gentle reader, at the idea, that the ſoul may quit its aërial manſion, to view the deeds of man. Tell me not, it is a ſuperſtition incompatible with reaſon—in all events " it is an error ſweet and lucrative."

Having thus remarked, how far this memorial of affection, though ſprung from ſuperſtition, tends to excite emotions of piety, let us briefly obſerve how great a contraſt prevails in ſeveral cemeteries of England.

It is a wiſh, naturally implanted in the heart of man, that when he ſhall have put off his fleſhly robe, it may reſt undiſturbed in its parent element, till the final day

" When

" When bone to its appropriate bone ſhall join,
" And at the Eternal's high tribunal ſtand
" In full identity."

Yet how ſadly is this ſcene reverſed in our village churchyards! inſtead of odoriferous plants the rankeſt weeds are permitted to grow upon the graves. How often is the traveller ſhocked to behold an eyeleſs ſkull unhouſed above the ſoil, whilſt the curate's cattle are quietly enjoying their paſtime, and trampling up the turf. What a violation is this of the ſacred rites of ſepulture!

Ye Engliſhmen! who boaſt, juſtly boaſt the arts of refinement, deem it not derogatory from your dignity to imitate, in this reſpect, your untutored neighbours. If ye do not ſtrictly obſerve each ſuperſtitious ceremony, pay at leaſt ſome regard to the calls of humanity, and remember it is almoſt the only means left you by Providence to teſtify your veneration for the dead.

PHILANTHROPOS.

Account of the Life of Dr. Harrington, of Bath.

[From Public Characters of 1799—1800.]

(Concluded from Page 270.)

HE was fond of mechanical arts, and diſplayed much ingenuity in the conſtruction of ſeveral mathematical inſtruments he made for his own uſe: in ſhort, his genius was univerſal; he knew ſomething of every thing, and whatever he undertook, was always ſucceſsfully accompliſhed. He was well acquainted with aſtronomy; but his favourite ſtudy and amuſement was that enchanting ſcience, whoſe dulcet charms have power

" To ſoothe the ſavage breaſt,
" To ſoften rocks, and bend the knotted oak."

And, though very young and ſelf-taught, he was well known, and much admired in the muſical world for the delicacy and ſweetneſs of his compoſitions, and alſo for his ſuperior taſte and execution on the flute. He played the harpſicord, but only to ſet his muſic; it was not his favourite inſtrument; he never performed on it in public.

The celebrated Dr. Hays, of Oxford, father of the late Doctor of that name, founded a club of gentlemen muſicians, vocal and inſtrumental, none of whom were permitted to perform, unleſs they could play and ſing at ſight. If any gentleman committed a blunder, he was not allowed to continue his performance that evening; and, in order to have them perfect in their different parts, Dr. Hays gave each a bill of the next night's entertainment. By adhering to theſe rules, this charming ſociety met for many years in true harmony. Dr. Harrington ſoon became a principal ornament to it, and felt delighted in the opportunity it afforded him to become acquainted with the learned and ingenious Dr. Hays, whoſe friendſhip he poſſeſſed to the end of his life. He often mentions this muſical aſſociation with pleaſure, and regrets that there are no longer any ſuch; yet it is by no means wonderful, ſince we find the gentlemen of the preſent day more inclined to derive amuſement from the exertions of profeſſional men (the number of whom are increaſed ten to one) than their own, where it requires (as in muſic) ſo much labour to attain any degree of excellence; and, indeed, if we conſider how many claims the world has upon the time of men of faſhion and fortune, it will no longer appear a matter of ſurprize, that very few, ſo circumſtanced, become proficients in any of the ſciences; at the ſame time we muſt remark, with infinite ſatisfaction, the very great and liberal encouragement they give to thoſe, whoſe talents and induſtry merit diſtinction and reward.

A catch club, of which the doctor has been a principal member, had been eſtabliſhed at Bath, for ſeveral years, at the White Lion, was removed a few years ſince to the White Hart Inn. About four years ago Mr. Rauzzini, who has, with much talent and liberality, conducted the concerts at Bath above twenty years, had the preceding year loſt conſiderably by conducting that concert. A meeting was held by the ſubſcribers, in order to prevent ſuch a circumſtance from happening again the following year; when twelve gentlemen, of large fortune, agreed to undertake the concert that year, and, if there ſhould prove a deficiency, to defray the expences out of their pockets. This was all well, and liberal enough, had they ſtopt there; but ſome of them, who came forward (as it ſhould appear from motives of vanity, and who were members of the catch club), ſoon after began to think that they might poſſibly be a few pounds out of pocket at the end of the ſeaſon, if the catch club continued the winter. They accordingly contrived to get a meeting of ſome of the ſubſcribers,

ſcribers, and voted no catch club for that ſeaſon! Dr. Harrington, who was not conſulted, was diſpleaſed at what he juſtly called the mean conduct of theſe parſimonious regulators. He, therefore, rallied his friends and acquaintance to hold a meeting to totally annihilate the old club, and to create another, under the name of the Harmonic Society. This was effectually carried into execution, and new rules eſtabliſhed to put this ſociety upon an infinite better footing than the old catch club; it was more liberal, more extenſive, and yet much leſs expenſive. The number of ſubſcribers was ſoon very great; but ſtill they were ſelect, as none but gentlemen of character were propoſed and balloted for. Thus many diſagreeables were for ever cut off from this ſociety. It is now the beſt muſical ſociety in England; and has the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and many of the firſt nobility and gentry, members of it. The Doctor contributes much to the harmony of the ſociety, by introducing his own new compoſitions; and has the pleaſure of hearing his old compoſitions performed in the beſt manner. This ſociety meets every Friday, during the winter and ſpring months; and every member has the privilege of bringing a friend. There is a cold ſupper, and much conviviality after. When ſupper is finiſhed, the old grace is ſung of *non nobis Domine*, which the Doctor always accompanies on the harpſicord. The firſt toaſt that is drank is (by a rule enacted), "Doctor Harrington, the founder of the Harmonic Society."

The Doctor has, through life, been a warm and generous patron to all men of muſical talents. His own are unequalled even by the profeſſion—a truth that muſt be felt by every lover of taſte, elegance, expreſſion, and delicacy; charms that highly characterize all his compoſitions, which, though ſo various, are, like the characters of the immortal Shakeſpear, all original. An anthem, which the Doctor compoſed for thirty-ſix voices, is, perhaps one of the richeſt ſpecimens of genius and ſcientific knowledge that has ever appeared ſince the productions of the ſublime Handel, to which alone it is inferior. He has alſo favoured the public with many other anthems, hymns, &c. ſo truly beautiful, and ſo juſtly approved, that they are performed in many places of divine worſhip. As a profound judge, the Doctor is an enthuſiaſtic admirer of the above incomparable compoſer, and was deeply offended with the celebrated and ingenious Rauzzini for remarking that "Handel was a good *German* muſician enough, but the Italians have many Handels." And he very warmly replied, "Not all the muſicians that Italy ever boaſted,

boaſted, put together, could produce the celeſtial harmony of his choruſſes." The Doctor's favorite ſtyle of compoſition, and that in which he excels moſt, is the tender and pathetic. Many of his ſongs, trios, elegies, &c. poſſeſſing all that ſweet ſoft witching of melody that ſinks deep into the heart, and gently proves, that

" Muſic is the food of love."

And his poetry, according with his notes, give us to believe ſuch is his opinion. Amongſt ſeveral, whoſe beauty made it difficult to ſelect any one with preference, may be mentioned, in illuſtration of this idea, the univerſally and juſtly admired one of,

" How ſweet is the pleaſure, how great the delight,"
" When ſoft love and harmony together unite." &c.

The Doctor has alſo diſplayed much comic humour in ſome of his productions; and his " Old Thomas Day" (ſo inimitably executed by the late celebrated Edwin, of Covent Garden); " Give me the ſweet Quaker's Wedding;" " The ſtammering Song;" and " the Alderman's Thumb;" have each contributed to his popularity and fame!!!

As a medical character, he has ever been highly reſpected. He firſt practiſed at Wells, in Somerſetſhire, in the year 1753; whither he went, on his quitting Oxford and marrying the amiable and accompliſhed Miſs Muſgrave, with the hopes of ſucceſs, as at that time there was no other phyſician there. However, after a few years, he found the advantages by no means adequate to the inconveniences attending the ſituation, and he removed to Bath, where he has continued to practice with private emolument and public honour. His diſpoſition is humane and benevolent; and he is equally loved and reſpected by all ranks of people. He is at this time Phyſician to his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, and many of the firſt nobility.

The Doctor for many years attended the Dowager Lady Trevor, relict of Lord Trevor, and laſt ſurviving daughter of the famous Sir Richard Steele. The Doctor ſpeaks of this Lady as poſſeſſing all the wit, humour, and gaiety of her father, together with moſt of his faults. She was extravagant, and always in debt; but ſhe was generous, charitable, and humane. She was particularly partial to young people, whom ſhe frequently entertained moſt liberally, and delighted them with the pleaſantry and volubility of her diſ-

courſe. Her perſon was like that which her pleaſant father deſcribes of himſelf in the Spectator, with his ſhort face, &c. &c. A little before her death (which was in the month of December) ſhe ſent for her Doctor: and, on his entering her chamber, he ſaid, "How fares your Ladyſhip?" She replied, "Oh! my dear Doctor, ill fare! I am going to break up before the holidays!" This agreeable lady lived many years in Queen's Square, Bath, and, in the ſummer months, at St. Ann's Hill, Surry, the preſent reſidence of the Honourable Charles James Fox.

About four years ſince Doctor Harrington received the office of Chief Magiſtrate of Bath, much to the ſatisfaction of his fellow citizens, and has ever been found indefatigable in his magiſterial capacity as one of the juſtices.

Doctor Harrington's philanthropy and charity are unbounded; and his humanity to the brute creation extended to ſo great a degree, that he has left in his will one guinea per annum for an annual ſermon, to enforce the practice of humanity to brute animals.

The Bath Humane Society, whether conſidered in point of rank and number of its members, or of the entertainments it weekly affords, is confeſſedly the firſt inſtitution of the kind that is at preſent in this kingdom. The Doctor is the father and founder of this ſociety; and his health is one of the only three toaſts which are given in the room.

THE SYLPH;
OR,
THE HISTORY OF SOPHIA MERTON.

(Continued from Page 265.)

LOVE IN AN EXTRAORDINARY DRESS.

THE ſylph will now turn the attention of his pupils to a lover of a very extraordinary claſs, who began to appear amongſt the foremoſt of thoſe whom the attractions of Sophia drew around her. Sophia having juſt cut out at whiſt one evening at the weekly aſſembly, was ſtanding by the ſide of a card table, looking on as the reſt of the party were beginning a new rubber, the door of the aſſembly room opened, and a Mr. Crofts, a gentleman of Mellford, entered, followed by a tall and rather ſtriking perſon whom Sophia did not know. The room, like moſt other public ones, was built with a fire place at each end; near one of theſe

my

my ward was ſtanding, and it happened that the tables and groupes between her and the door formed a kind of avenue, to which her figure was the termination, ſomewhat reſembling a viſta, with a ſtatue for its perſpective. From the inſtant the ſtranger entered, his eyes were fixed on my ward, and ſo remarkably as to attract her notice. Mr. Crofts proceeded up the room, talking to various people, and followed by the ſtranger, who Sophia now diſcovered from the converſation around her was a Mr. Maxfield, a near relation of Mr. Crofts, juſt arrived from abroad; the latter, when he came near my ward, ſaid ſomething to her of common chit-chat, but did not introduce Maxfield in any form. Both the gentlemen ſoon after ſat down to cards, but the eyes of Maxfield ſtill appeared to be unaccountably attracted towards Sophia, and when he roſe from the card table he contrived to enter into converſation with her.

Mr. Crofts was an old friend of Sophia's family, and ſome intimate friends and diſtant relations of his and Maxfield's were concerned in the guardianſhip of her fortune; all this gave Maxfield a fair opportunity to conſider himſelf as an acquaintance, and he talked to her of the years which had paſſed ſince he quitted Mellford, "When I left it," ſaid he, "you was a baby in your nurſe's arms;" he did not add, I find you at my return a charming young woman; but he looked it, and a great deal more. Maxfield had held a poſt in a diſtant part of the Britiſh dominions, which, after many years, he had now quitted with a proper compenſation, and was returned to his native county with the intention of there paſſing the remainder of his days. In his manner and appearance there were ſome traits and combinations very remarkable, of which the ſylph will endeavour to give his pupils ſome idea, and as Auri will find it neceſſary to ſay a great deal hereafter concerning this gentleman, his deſcription muſt not be confined to Maxfield's appearance this evening; but rather pourtray the marking features of his general behaviour and appearance. Mr. Maxfield was of an age when a man can neither be ſaid with propriety to be either young or old: in perſon he was rather tall, and extremely erect; his features were ſtrong and very expreſſive; to which were added a pair of dark eyes abſolutely flaming. He had undoubtedly much of the gentleman in his manner, and without appearing to think of his dreſs, was always remarkably neat and properly attired; with all this he united a peculiar kind of formal ſtiffneſs, joined ſometimes with an evident deſire to be eaſy, and even what was once called in

England jocular; indeed, his converſation occaſionally was compoſed of modern ideas, expreſſed in the quaint language of the beginning of the laſt century, inſomuch that his own mother who was ſtill living, proteſted her ſon's figures of ſpeech reſembled thoſe of her own grandfather; and that ſhe was often ready to imagine that his ſoul animated her ſon: The old lady laughed, and his other friends laughed, but Maxfield retained, immoveably, his own ſtile and antique quaintneſs, particularly when he was diſpoſed to be lively. It could not be ſaid of Maxfield, in the words of Milton, when deſcribing the warring angels, that

" On his creſt ſat horror plumed;"

but it might be ſaid, that

On his creſt ſat ſtatelineſs, in formal ſmiles array'd.

Some of his acquaintance gave out that his conduct in early life had been rather libertine, adding, " Some tincture of that kind was ſtill remaining;" be that as it might, his general behaviour to ladies was reſpectful, though formal. It is probable the formality and ſtiffneſs ſo remarkable in this gentleman's manner, was at firſt nothing more than a ſomewhat leſs eaſy carriage than moſt genteel young men, which his long reſidence in a place of inferior elegance to his native country, might have ripened into that kind of formality ſo prevalent in the laſt century; and during his abſence, the world of England was adopting its very antipodes; ſo that it cannot be wondered at, that on his return the ſtile of his behaviour appeared ſo ſingular. Such was the man who, almoſt at firſt ſight, fell in love with the intereſting ward of the purple winged Auri.

The interview which the ſylph has deſcribed at the weekly aſſembly, between Maxfield and Sophia Merton, occurred before the concluſion of the old year; but as the former left Mellford ſoon after for ſome weeks, the ſylph delayed to notice it, until it was time to bring him forward on the canvaſs in a conſpicuous point of view.

Soon after the commencement of the new year, Maxfield began to be conſidered as an inhabitant of Mellford; his connexions with old friends of Sophia's family gave him frequent opportunities of converſing with my ward, and whenever they met he ſurveyed her with the moſt ſcrutinizing obſervation.

The hours of ſpring which bids the violet bloom, again drew on, and Sophia compleated her eighteenth year: The friends reſumed their walks, in which Maxfield was often their attendant, and a change was obſervable in his manner, which became more expreſſive of the lover, although with much formality: he appeared to watch with the utmoſt anxiety every word and action of Sophia, and to entertain for her a fierce kind of love, or faſcination, by which very little tenderneſs was implied; his eyes, naturally fiery, abſolutely flamed when they turned towards her, and ſeemed to penetrate every ſentiment of her ſoul.

Maxfield treated my ward with the greateſt reſpect, yet his whole manner indicated the moſt fearful, doubting, and anxious ſtate of mind; he could not but recollect a dreadful diſparity of age, and impelled as he was by a violent paſſion, yet, he could ſcarce wiſh himſelf ſucceſs in gaining the hand of Sophia Merton.

The attentions of Mr. Maxfield to Miſs Merton drew the obſervation of all their friends and acquaintance; they laughed and wondered: as to my ward, ſhe neither particularly encouraged, or diſcouraged, the preference Maxfield evidently ſhewed her. It happened about this time that Mr. Dorrel, (whom the ſylph requeſted his fair readers not to forget,) again made his appearance in the ſcenes of this hiſtory, and ſpent a few days in Mellford. The love affair in which he had formerly been entangled, now began to be developed, and his mind being more at eaſe, he beheld my ward with increaſed intereſt and increaſed admiration. Sophia received his homage with complacency; and although his ſtay in Mellford was very ſhort, it ſomewhat awakened the jealouſy of Maxfield, which was pretty evident, in ſpite of the veil of formality under which he always ſtrove to conceal his feelings: but this was only a paſſing cloud, and he ſoon appeared more and more the lover, in the ideas of the circles of Mellford; for even when gravely ſeated at the whiſt table, where he was conſidered as an adept, his eyes often wandered from the four kings to watch the looks of Sophia Merton.

The conſtant aſſiduities of Maxfield now became ſo very particular, that all my ward's acquaintance ſuppoſed he was paying his addreſſes in form; and many a ſly obſervation, and many a brilliant ſally of wit, ſhe was obliged to hear from Mrs. Byron, and Miſs Alton, on the occaſion; who, as cenſors general of the gay circles of Mellford, had all due intelligence conveyed to them of Sophia's new conqueſt.

queſt. She herſelf really expected a declaration from her admirer, and ſeriouſly ſat down to reaſon the matter, and to conſider what anſwer it would be proper for her to give; herd eliberations were much the ſame as in the caſe of Colonel Benſon, although the viſions which danced before her, were far leſs inviting: her little heart was perplexed in a labyrinth of irreſolution, when a ſtrange caprice in her lover's conduct ſaved her, as in the former caſe, the trouble of deciding.

The friends who ſuperintended Sophia's conduct, permitted her to form little card parties, and receive ſuch company as they judged proper; amongſt theſe, two or three gentlemen were generally included. It happened one day, that expecting a few friends to take their tea with her, my ward aſked Maxfield, (then in the height of his aſſiduities,) to meet them. In the afternoon of that day, having finiſhed her dreſs, Sophia took up the Vicar of Wakefield, to fill up the vacant time, until the viſiting hour arrived; and was reading very attentively in her own room, when, to her great ſurprize, ſhe was informed Mr. Maxfield was below. "Good Heavens! what could bring him there ſo early?" She could draw but one concluſion, and in ſomewhat of a flutter, prepared to meet him. She accordingly deſcended to the parlour with as careleſs an air as ſhe could aſſume; the hiſtory of the good vicar in her hand. On entering the room ſhe was almoſt petrified with aſtoniſhment, at obſerving the look of gloomy perplexity with which Maxfield accoſted her, and made a formal apology for not having it in his power to join her party at tea that evening. The pride of Sophia took the alarm, at the great alteration in her admirer's manner, and ſhe anſwered him with proper dignity and compoſure. Maxfield ſat a few minutes loſt in ſilent thought, with his eyes fixed on the floor; and then with a conſtrained but reſpectful bow departed. Anger and indignation ſtrongly affected the feelings of my ward, at being made the ſubject of ſuch a ſtrange caprice: But ſhe received her company in tolerable ſpirits, and her guardian ſylph beheld, with ſatisfaction, that her vexation was far leſs violent, than when Benſon inſulted thoſe attractions he had profeſſed ſo ardently to admire.

The behaviour of Maxfield when he now met Sophia, continued in the ſame conſtrained, perplexed ſtile, which has juſt been deſcribed; nay, his formal neglect even ſometimes amounted to rudeneſs. The attentions my ward received from others, when ſhe appeared in public, made the defection

of her formal lover leſs apparent; yet, the obſerving few could not but notice the ſtrange alteration; and they were of opinion, that if he had determined to tear from his boſom the image of his young enchantreſs, it ought at leaſt to have been done without affronting her.

There now remained no perſon whom Auri could conſider as a lover, excepting Everard, who beginning to ſee the folly of his old mode of acting, adopted, when he had an opportunity of being near my ward, a more uniform expreſſion of tenderneſs than heretofore: but he remained only a very ſhort time in ſo favourable a predicament; for before the commencement of the enſuing winter, a declared rival came forward, and ſhared with him the watchful ſcrutiny of Auri.

Ere we proceed further it will be neceſſary ſomewhat to break the thread of our hiſtory, in order to give an account of that rival and his family, previous to his acquaintance with Sophia Merton.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS,

FOR MARCH, 1800.

FRANCE.

AT the moment of aſſuming the reins of government, Bonaparte held out to the people the hope of a ſpeedy and general peace; and to convince them of his ſincerity, his earlieſt exertion of authority was the opening of a correſpondence with the belligérent powers, for the purpoſe of attaining that deſirable object. Worn by the fatigues, and enfeebled by the exertions incident to a conteſt unuſually active and ruinous, there is no reaſon to doubt that every one of the contending nations would gladly have accepted the proffered olive, could they have been conviced that the boon was tendered with ſincerity, and that by a premature reception of it, they muſt not have ſacrificed their deareſt intereſts.

The refuſal to negociate, on the part of the Britiſh Cabinet, was given with the promptitude, deciſion, and vigour, which their ſituation, as rulers of a great nation, imperiouſly demanded. The frankneſs of its language, remote from exaggerated pretenſion and dictatorial haughtineſs, ſhowed that the authors knew and felt what was expected from them, and

were

were prepared to meet every approaching exigency with adequate means. They could not negociate for a permanent peace with a power ſo recent in its eſtabliſhment, and ſo novel in its nature, that it could not be preſumed to poſſeſs any ſingle feature of permanence and ſecurity; they referred that power to the evidence of facts, and the teſt of experience; but they offered to the people of France, as the ready means of terminating every difference, and giving that repoſe to the minds of their enemies which would preclude every other teſt, the reſtoration of royalty, in the perſon of their lawful ſovereign. Such was the propoſed alternative. The latter part, pregnant with immediate peace, does not ſeem likely to be accepted, and it remains only to be conſidered, how far experience and facts warrant the ſuppoſition, that at ſome day, not far diſtant perhaps, a ſucceſsful negotiation may be commenced with the préſent ruler of France.

In conſidering the character of Bonaparte for the purpoſe of elucidating this diſcuſſion, it will not be candid to judge him by thoſe traits which he exhibited before he had attained his preſent pre-eminence: we muſt not conſider him as a deſperate marauder, at the head of an outcaſt banditti, but as the chief depoſitary of the executive power of a mighty nation. It is not neceſſary to emblazon his former ſucceſſes, or to expatiate on his paſt crimes; the ſituation he now holds is totally new, his reſponſibility eſſentially different, and his means of power derived from ſources utterly diſſimilar. His government is now ſtrengthened by three months of duration, and by the ſuppreſſion of a bold and well-organized oppoſition: hitherto every thing indicates permanency, and if he remains unſhaken by the ſhock of the campaign, it may fairly be conſidered that experience will warrant the hope of peace, ſo far as depends on a ſtable and competent power to treat. But whether the character of Bonaparte permits the hope of equitable terms is another object of conſideration. The mildneſs of his diſpoſition, ſince he attained ſovereign power, has been too readily conceded; it is a ſmall merit not to have ſtained his newly acquired palace with the blood of victims; France was already tired of ſanguinary revolutions, and the Corſican acted with conſiſtent policy in depriving his adverſaries, for one moment at leaſt, of the power of applying to him, the term *barbare*, which they are always ready to beſtow on his countrymen. Bonaparte has ſhown that he did not want pride, by his triumphant entry into the Thuilleries drawn by milk-white horſes, the gift of the Emperor; he has ſhown that his mind was not exempt from cruelty, by the unneceſſary

neceſſary execution of Frotte, the royaliſt general, and all his ſtaff; his peremptory ſuppreſſion of all journals, except a certain number expreſsly devoted to him, ſhow a reſolute contempt of every rule of right, and every principle of liberty. Pride, cruelty, and a contempt of right, are the ingredients which form the character of a tyrant; but the fact of a tyrant bearing the chief rule in France, does not preclude the poſſibility of peace in Europe. The character of Bonaparte's government, as it relates to other nations, and to this country in particular, is of far greater importance. Since his acceſſion to the conſulate he has ſhown a diſpoſition to conciliate the good opinion of foreign nations, from which the happieſt effects may be reaſonably preſaged. Unlike his predeceſſors, who, while they could retain an ill-gotten and precarious power, were utterly regardleſs of reputation, he ſeems anxious to give to his domination a *bienſeance* which ſhall calm the minds of the people, and take away that well-warranted jealouſy of their principles which would always prevent a ſincere and cordial conciliation with other nations. Under him the public mind is no longer agitated with ſpeeches tending to excite and inflame irreconcileable animoſities, nor is the neceſſity of deſtroying all the thrones upon earth, that France may be free, inculcated either in ſpeech or writing. The national enthuſiaſm for politics is permitted to ſubſide in an enthuſiaſm more natural to them, that of pleaſure.

The greateſt hope to be derived from a ſucceſsful campaign would be that of treating with France for peace within her ancient limits. Could that object be attained, ſecurity would once more attend the termination of hoſtility. Could ſuch a confederacy be made, ſupported by a ſufficient co-operation in the boſom of France, as to promiſe the reſtoration of the ancient line of Kings in one or two campaigns, Great Britain ought not to forego her ſhare in an enterpriſe ſo juſt, ſo glorious, and, generally conſidered, ſo advantageous; but miniſters never did, and we truſt never will make the new-modelling of the internal government of France, without the conſent of the people, the motive of war, or an indiſpenſable requiſite of peace.

The leading tranſaction of the French government, excluſive of thoſe already enumerated, is the cloſing of the emigrant liſt;—a well timed and neceſſary meaſure, in every reſpect: it ſhows that the government feels confident in its own ſtrength, and is willing to forego an engine of tyranny which has been wielded with ſuch terrible effect by all the raſh and ſanguinary empirics who for the laſt ten years have

governed in France. Bonaparte has ſhown great vigour and induſtry in his preparations for war; but has met with obſtacles of the greateſt weight in the ruined ſtate of the finances, and the exhauſted enthuſiaſm of the people. To remedy the want of credit, every expedient has been reſorted to, and every argument uſed to induce the people to confide their property to a national bank; but arguments muſt ever fail in producing this effect, except in a country where a well-eſtabliſhed, popular, and juſt government, and a certain and well-regulated commerce, furniſh the means of making payments in ſuch a manner as to inſpire confidence and obviate doubt.

IRELAND.

The union of this country with Great Britain, proceeds in a manner which indicates a certainty of ultimate ſucceſs. The debates on this ſubject in the Iriſh Parliament have been uncommonly animated, and on one occaſion proceeded to ſuch extremes of perſonality, that a duel was fought between two of the members (Corry and Grattan). As no efforts have been omitted which intereſt and zeal could inſpire, to excite commotions among the people, important reſults might have been expected; but ſuch are the vigilance and vigour of government, or ſuch the dread excited by the ill ſucceſs of late rebellions, that no movement of conſequence has taken place. In Drogheda ſome few efforts have been made, but they do not appear of importance enough to excite more than a momentary alarm, even in their own vicinity. The budget was opened by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 28th of February, and the ſum of 4,425,223l. being the extra ſum required for the ſervice of the current year, taxes were propoſed on the following articles:—paper, ſervants, armorial bearings, hats, port, and claret. New regulations were made for the colony trade; the old duties on leather and paper, malt and windows: and 65,000l. are to be raiſed by lottery. A bill framed for the ſuppreſſion of rebellion has alſo experienced much oppoſition, and given riſe to ſome ſtrenuous debates, but paſſed.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

The important rank ſuſtained by this country among the powers of Europe, renders the exultation of Britons in their honourable birth-right excuſable, and even laudable, in the eyes of other nations. After ſo long and ſo expenſive a conteſt, ſhe is enabled to raiſe ſupplies, which to other countries muſt appear aſtoniſhing, if not incredible, without any

perceptible

perceptible addition to the previouſly exiſting burthens, and without any ſacrifice or conceſſion on the part of government. Throughout the kingdom the moſt active preparations are making for an extenſive and important ſecret expedition; yet no interruption of peace, no relaxation of buſineſs, no ſtagnation of pleaſure, can be perceived. After a conteſt of ſeven years, our commerce is rather extended than diminiſhed; our navies ride not merely triumphant but unoppoſed, and the wealth of the univerſe is wafted into our harbours. In ſuch a poſition, Great Britain has nothing further to hope from the continuance of war, and therefore muſt neceſſarily be inclined to peace, when it can be attained with ſafety; but if the defection of every ally ſhould leave her under the neceſſity of continuing the conflict alone, ſhe would be able to maintain her preſent ſtate, and proudly wave her banner in every quarter of the globe. Such is not likely to be the caſe; and if war muſt yet continue, there is no doubt of the co-operation of ſpirited and powerful allies in oppoſing and weakening the common enemy. The ſecret expedition appears deſtined to atchievements of great importance, and is ſuppoſed to await the junction of a formidable corps of Ruſſians, who are aſſembled on the ſhores of the Baltic.

The attention of Parliament has been forcibly called to the important object of remedying the deficiency of the late crops, by every means which economy and wiſdom can dictate. Sumptuary regulations have been recommended both by precept and example; and bounties on importation offered with ſo much judgment and liberality, that there is good reaſon to hope for a ſufficient ſupply to render every privation, ſave thoſe which prudence and economy ſhould always dictate, unneceſſary. The culture of potatoes, a moſt important and uſeful ſubſtitute for bread, has alſo engaged the attention of the legiſlature, and will, in all probability, be ſo encouraged, as to render future ſcarcities extremely improbable. The nature of that combination which has of late ſo ſhamefully enhanced the price of coals in the London market, will alſo undergo a thorough inveſtigation, from the ſpirited and judicious efforts of Mr. Manning. Such are the moſt important topics with reſpect to interior regulation, which have been debated in the two Houſes.

Although we muſt allow that the laſt harveſt was unfavourable, we are thoroughly convinced that the exceſſive high price of corn is in a great meaſure to be attributed to the nefarious arts of monopolizers, which we hope will be prevented in future.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN the celebrated Duc de Longueville was preſſed by ſome of his ſycophants to proſecute ſome neighbouring gentlemen who hunted upon his manors, he replied, "Pray let them alone; I prefer having *friends* to having *game*."

Anſwer, by T. Shoel, of Montacute, to T. Churchouſe's Rebus, inſerted January 27.

THE ſolemn ORGAN whoſe majeſtic ſound
Makes the long aiſles and vaulted roofs rebound,
Of muſic wakes the ſoul-inſpiring ſtrain,
If right I gueſs your rebus will explain.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Andrews, and J. King, of Kingſbridge; S. Brown, of Newton Abbot; R. Thomas, W. Harris, jun. W. Hobbs, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; W. Brock, of Evercreech; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; George Coulman, of Broadhempſton; J. R. Toulmin; P. Ninnis, and J. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; J. Ball, and N. Knott, of Taunton; G. England, of Uplyme; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and R. Towning, of Fivehead.

An ANAGRAM.

A Sportſman, Sirs, if you tranſpoſe,
A certain bloſſom you'll diſcloſe.

A REBUS, *by W. Hoare, Jun. of Dean Prior.*

VINDICTIVE firſt! the victims of thy rage
Lie ſtrew'd o'er nature's blood polluted face;
As in the preſent, ſo in every age,
In various forms haſt cruſh'd the human race.

Malicious next, of mutual bliſs the foe,
I hate thy deeds, and execrate thy name;
How bleſt are thoſe whoſe hearts in union glow,
Lit by auſpicious friendſhip's heav'nly flame!

When Sol! great lord of day! withdraws his light,
And pitchy darkneſs veils th' ethereal ſcene,
Amid the vaſt ſtupendous vault of night
Oft-times my third ſuſpends her lamp ſerene.

While ſenſe profound, embelliſhed with wit,
And elocution has the power to charm,
My fourth deliver'd by a Fox or Pitt
Muſt pleaſe the fancy, and the paſſions warm.

Pourtray the ſeaſon when the landſcape wears
A ſweet variety of lovely hues;
A pleaſing uniformity appears
Amid the whole which beauteous Myra views.

When o'er yon conſecrated ſpot I roam
May deep reflections fill my penſive mind!
At midnight drear amid ſepulchral gloom,
My valued friend was to my ſixth reſign'd.

Deſcribe the habitation of the bleſs'd,
Where happy ſpirits in exalted ſtrains,
In all the manſions of eternal reſt
Shout Hallelujahs o'er the bliſsful plains.

When contemplation elevates your thought,
And you behold the bleſſed thus employ'd,
Know ye my next, nor let it be forgot,
Muſt be by all or ſuffer'd or enjoy'd.

Compaſſion makes the ſoul ſuſceptible
Of every ſuff'rance of humanity;
And the humane for thee, my next, muſt feel,
And deprecate the reign of tyranny.

Alas! my next, I mourn thy wretched ſtate,
Expatriated from thy native home;
While friends and relatives commiſerate
Thy ſad condition, and lament thy doom.

The ruſtic who, as night approaches faſt,
Returning homeward chaunts a ſong with glee,
He needs the ſweet refreſhment of my laſt
To fit him for the toils of induſtry.

Range the initials then, ye bards of ſenſe,
Of Athens' patriotic pride you'll ſing,
Whoſe thund'ring, deep, reſiſtleſs eloquence
Struck with affright the Macedonian King.

POETRY.

The HAUNTED BEACH.

By Mrs. ROBINSON.

UPON a lonely deſart beach,
Where the white foam was ſcatter'd,
A little ſhed uprear'd its head,
Tho' lofty barks were ſhatter'd!
The ſea-weeds gath'ring near the door,
A ſombre path diſplay'd,
And, all around, the deaf'ning roar
Re-echo'd on the chalky ſhore—
By the green billows made.

Above, a jutting cliff was ſeen,
Where ſea-birds hover'd craving,
And, all around, the crags were bound
With weeds for ever waving;
And, here and there, a cavern wide
Its ſhad'wy jaws diſplay'd,
And near the ſand, at ebb of tide,
A ſhatter'd maſt was ſeen to ride,
Where the green billows ſtray'd.

And often, while the moaning wind
Stole o'er the ſummer ocean,
The moonlight ſcene was all ſerene—
The waters ſcarce in motion.
Then, while the ſmoothly-ſlanting ſand
The tall cliff wrapp'd in ſhade,
The fiſherman beheld a band
Of ſpectres, gliding, hand in hand,
Where the green billows play'd!

All pale their faces were, as ſnow!
And ſullenly they wander'd;
And to the ſkies, with hollow eyes,
They look'd as tho' they ponder'd!
And ſometimes, from their hammock ſhroud,
They diſmal howlings made;
And while the blaſt blew ſtrong and loud,
The clear moon mark'd the ghaſtly crowd,
Where the green billows play'd.

And then, above the haunted hut,
The curlews, ſcreaming, hover'd;
And the low door, with furious roar,
The frothy breakers cover'd.

For

For in the fiſherman's lone ſhed
A MURDER'D MAN was laid,
With ten wide gaſhes on his head;
And deep was made his ſandy bed,
Where the green billows play'd.

The ſpectre band, his meſſmates bold,
Sunk in the yawning ocean!
While to the maſt he laſh'd him faſt,
And brav'd the ſtorm's commotion.
The winter moon upon the ſand
A ſilv'ry carpet made,
And mark'd the ſailor reach the land—
And mark'd his murd'rer waſh his hand,
Where the green billows play'd!

And, ſince that hour, the fiſherman
Has toil'd, and toil'd in vain!
For, all the night, the moony light
Gleams on the ſpectred main!
And when the ſkies are veil'd in gloom,
The murd'rer's liquid way
Bounds o'er the deeply yawning tomb,
And flaſhing fires the ſands illume!
Where the green billows play.

Full thirty years his taſk has grown,
Day after day more weary;
For Heaven deſign'd his guilty mind
Should feed on proſpects dreary;
Bound by a ſtrong and myſtic chain,
He has not pow'r to ſtray;
But, deſtin'd mis'ry to ſuſtain,
He waſtes, in ſolitude and pain,
A loathſome life away!

LINES *addreſſed to Miſs* B*D**LL, *of St. Thomas.*

KIND, gentle nymph! with grace divine,
Propitious hear my lay;
Who can withſtand ſuch charms as thine?
Bright as the orb of day.

Youth, beauty, innocence, and love,
A mind ſupremely great;
Unſhaken conſtancy, to prove
Thy heart knows not deceit.

May Heaven thy virtuous path direct,
And guide thee thro' life's way,
And e'er thy ſpotleſs name protect
'Till virtue's ſelf decay!

And when thy daily courſe is run,
When life's career is o'er,
Mayſt thou, fair emblem of the ſun,
Riſe brighter than before!

Exeter, March, 1800. W. J. H.